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Do You Really Want To Live In Sparta?

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Chapter 1 by Jhagadeswara rao Rajavarapu

As a boy, I was training. Top in my class, and very handsome. I was the perfect Spartan. I could use a spear, sword, or shield better than anyone. Now I need to pass my test. All I need to do is murder a slave without anyone noticing.

I sneak across the barracks. While I tiptoe, I make a sound. A sprinted away from the soldiers, who are now searching for who made the sound. As I ran, I ran past a slave, of whom I broke his neck, and then kept running. I smiled, my training was complete.

Now that I was in the army, I had to join the war, the Persians were attacking. Us Spartans had to stop them.

Chapter 2 by Rix Quill



My first night out of Sparta was an unpleasant experience. We soldiers had camped out in the open. We slept in our armour and lit fires to stay warm and keep wolves away.

Not long had I fallen asleep when I was woken by someone fiddling with my arrows. I sat up to

find it was the moonlight reflecting off the tips of my arrows. I lay back down and tried to go back to sleep.

Unsure of what to do, I decided to just ignore it and hope it would go away.

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I had been out for the night, and I was still sleeping when I heard a noise.

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Then I saw the thing responsible for ruining my weapons. It was a most hideous creature - it was a man without a head. But, on closer observation, he had a head attached to his body but it just dangled from his neck. Then, by the light of my dwindling fire, I saw that pitiful face and recognised it as the slave I'd recently killed back in Sparta. Had he returned from the dead to pester me?

Chapter 3 by Lillian Pressnell



We stared at each other in the light of the moon. I held my breath, waiting for him to move. This was insane! Not only should this man be dead, he should know better than to mess with me, the best warrior in Sparta! I could hear his wrangled breathing, studying his features. He had a pointed nose and glittering black eyes that shone in the dying light of the fire. For a fleeting second, I wondered if the gods had sent this undead slave to spite me. Then I shook my head. The gods do not punish incredible soldiers!

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